

Gargoyle

THE GARGAPOCALYPSE
VOLUME 114 No. 3





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THE NUCLEAR FAMILY

Illustrated
collaboratively by
the Gargoyle Staff



BACHELOR

in Wasteland

By Sabrina Barnes and Arielle Lytkowski

Welcome to the Wasteland! The apocalypse may be upon us, but so is the MOST DRAMATIC season of Bachelor in Paradise yet! We found 23 of the hottest guys, gals, and partially reptilian pals to seduce and gaslight each other into eternal bliss. This season will feature the most invigorating, expensive, and absolutely hazardous dates ever! Contestants will swoon to a private concert from some radioactive country music artist you've never heard of, and slow dance on the shores of the freshly renamed Dead-er Sea. A show with enough sex, drama, and scripted fights to distract anyone from the downfall of society as we know it; stick to something you're capable of, and tune in to meet our hopeful romantics!

Now it's time to introduce you to some of these fucking psycho—excuse me—sorry, super level-headed contestants.

Meet Lauren C, a 24 year old kindergarten teacher-turned cult leader from El Paso: "I'm just like soo excited to convert—I mean—get to know all of these nutrient deficient men." Isn't she charming!

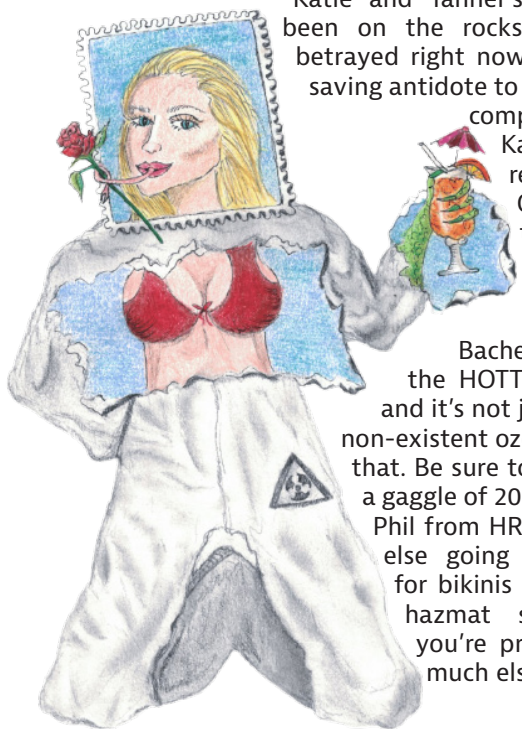
Bret T, who looks like he's on year 6 of steroids, is ready for a committed relationship: "I'm tired of foraging for supplies and surviving on my own. I can't wait to meet the mutated girl of my dreams. Well, as long as she's at least a 9.5." Fear not, Bret! There's at least 1 girl left on Earth who comes somewhat close to meeting those standards.

Katie and Tanner's relationship has been on the rocks: "I just feel so betrayed right now. She gave a life-saving antidote to some other dude,"

complains Tanner. Will Katie and Tanner rekindle their love?

Or will we witness the second worst fallout of the last two months?

This season of Bachelor in Paradise is the HOTTEST SEASON YET, and it's not just the practically non-existent ozone making us say that. Be sure to tune in to watch a gaggle of 20-somethings, (plus Phil from HR who had nothing else going on), bravely opt for bikinis and speedos over hazmat suits. We know you're probably not doing much else in your bunker.



Bragging Prepper

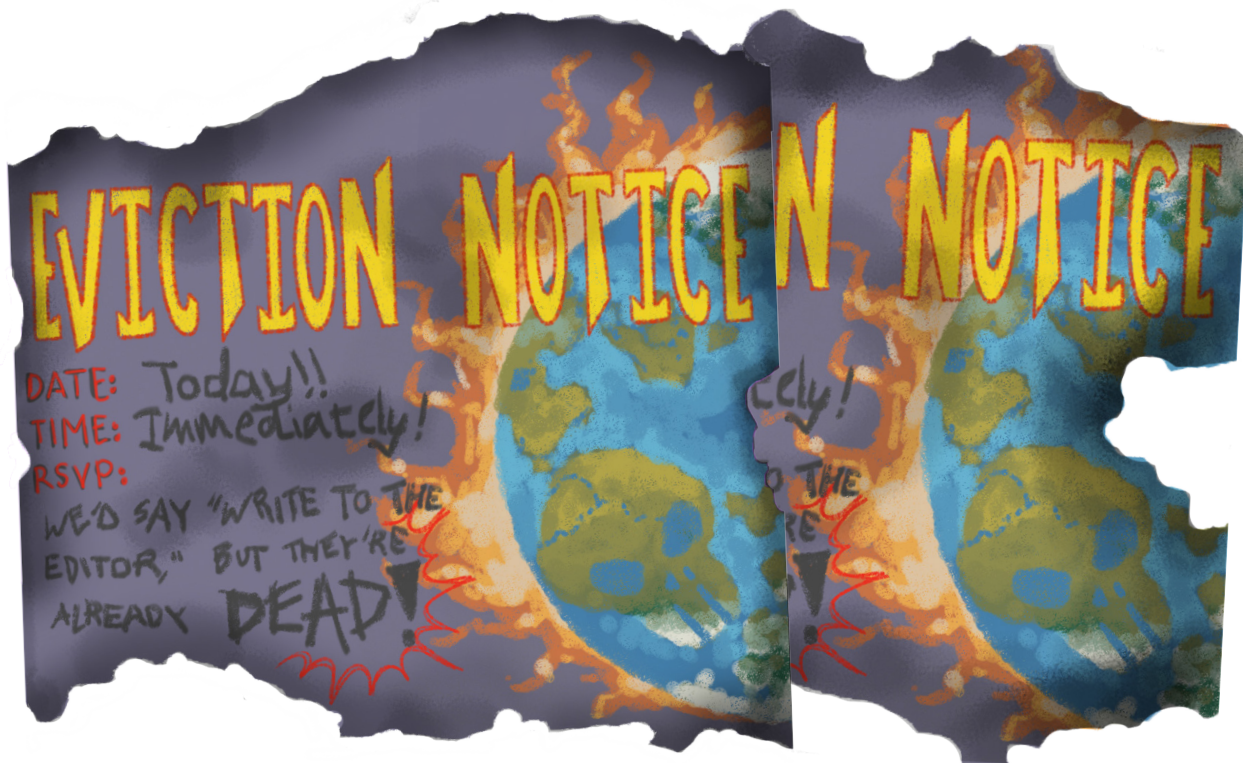
By Nick Wiesner

Licentiousness. Licentiousness is the reason God punished us and ordained blazing hellfire upon earth, and furry conventions, probably. Actually, licentiousness, furry conventions, and those fucking flippable tip ipads. But unlike those whores, sodomites, and judgemental bagel shop laborers, I came prepared. Deep in my bunker, I take my steak off of my gas-powered stove. That's right; I only eat meat. Everyone knows they stuff estrogen into vegetables, fruit, and captain crunch. As I complete my grotesque recreation of Saturn devouring his children, the bell tolls; supplement time! As I finish gorging on cassowary eggs, I feel a sharp pain in my side as my liver attempts to make a break for it. The shriveled organ can't hop too far before I catch it. Fortunately, there's a huge void in my body between my lungs; so it's easy to put back in.

Tired from the chase, I decide to sit down and put on my favorite show: Big Bang Theory! My brain begs me to stop. It's a good thing I've never listened to it! As I slot in my tape, I hear it start praying to various gods (did I hear Wadjet??). The show starts. "Bazinga!" says the freak. I laugh. *His brain pops like a squeezed grape. He stares at the screen like a marionette with its strings cut. The husk is forever drained of all reason. No Intelligent thought will ever again grace the breathing carcass.* "I should start a podcast." I say to myself.

"That's right, I only eat meat..."

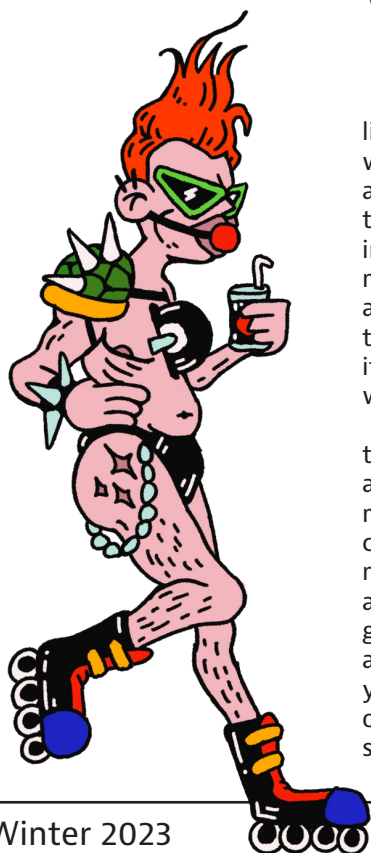




Illustrated by Xander Valascho

ROLLING IN THE NEXT ERA OF FASHION

Written and Illustrated by Sam Adkins



An apocalypse is a time of both whimsy and woe; as the toxic fumes fill your mind with magical little creatures, they also fill your body with radiation poisoning. This may cause a drastic change in your daily life, but the question of "what would I look cute in today?" will forever plague us all. For most, a hazmat suit may be the cop-out answer, but we at the Gargoyle advise you to follow your heart, and "just roll with it." What exactly does this mean? Simple: wheels.

You may be thinking, "oh like Mad-Max type shit, like if orcs drove NASCAR and also went to Skrillex concerts?" No. We mean REAL wheels: rollerblades, Heelys™, car tires, wheelbarrows, etc. Why? Simple: mobility. The apocalypse is a lawless realm, and you need to be prepared to say an Irish goodbye at any place and any time; as well as to do it fast as fuck. Strap on any wheels you can find, (we even recommend carving out your chest cavity and putting some sort of axle with a wheel in it, this is so you

can scoot around real nice). Besides wheels, be naked always. It's spooky (fear is a tool, use it), sexy, and aerodynamic. Don't wear a helmet (turn-off), but DO wear a ball gag. Carry lots of lube for your chest wheel and fetishwear alike. If you're doing it right, you should feel like you're turning into a fine-tuned, wheel-based fuck weapon; best to stay greased up.

Fashionistas of the past were tasked with paving the future of style, but the fashionista of the future is at the forefront of the final phase of human evolution. We will not rest till the next generation of babies is born with wheels on their feet, hands, and assholes. The closer you can get to being a real-life Optimus Prime, the better. You CANNOT reinvent the wheel, but you CAN reinvent yourself.

What will your wardrobe be post-apocalypse?



Timeline of the Apocalypse

By Rahul Jain

The following message was found on the back of a really, really dirty napkin from an unknown author. Questions remain regarding the validity of these claims. If you have any information regarding the origin of the apocalypse, please pretend to call a phone number of your choosing.

The year that marked the end was 2120–100 years since the last pandemic—and 200 years since the LAST last pandemic. Some said it was a coincidence, but most realized the truth. From its humble rise a century ago, veganism had finally monopolized the grocery stores, restaurants, and toilets of the world.

It was only a matter of time before the cows got angry.

As people began to protest the treatment of animals in dairy farms and meat factories, cows became a distant memory. The farms and factories became defunct. They grew cobwebs in the corners, and the only sense of movement became the jiggly thuds of beef and dairy cows whose legs were selectively bred to be thicker than a lighthouse. The cows fed on the tiles, their children fed on the walls, and their children's children fed on the machine blades (coined Generation Stupid).

Stupid or not, each generation passed down the same sentiments. They harbored an anger that began as a low bellow, but by the 22nd century, rose into a thunderous roar. There was a misconception that cows didn't enjoy being eaten. On the contrary, being eaten was the cow's one true purpose. The cow deity, popularly known as the Moodha, phrased it best in her scriptures: "While we may have once roamed and eaten grass without a care in the world, it was only

time before Man discovered our delicious bodies. You are delicious, I am delicious. Let out your desire for grass chomps and breathe in your carnal desire to be enjoyed. One bite at a time, each bite sloppier than the last. Keep your soul pure and let it transfer into Man, so he too may be cured." Of course, all that a farmer would be able to read is moo.

On the fateful night of March 13th, 2120, Generation Stupid set their plan into action. The cows traveled across the world and located every pie they could find. Without a scratch on the surface, they crept into the pies and hid there until morning. Pi day was going to be a little different that year...

The next morning, the humans lugged their pies around, which were unusually heavy. Nobody really minded; in fact, many celebrated the magic of their oddly dense pies. The pie eating contests and circular dances commenced without a hitch. That is, until the gurgles started.

The next 48 hours across the globe were a mix of stomach aches and vomit pools from the consumption of raw cow meat. Nobody understood the sickness that was spreading. To them, it was a mad something disease.

People became afraid of each other even as Pi Day officials explained that it must have come from the pies. By March 15th, however, even the officials were stumped. Early lab reports of the pies showed something that almost looked... human. That's when the mass hysteria exploded. Some boarded up their houses. Others decided they loved the taste and began to crave more flesh until their brains rotted. The lab tests were never finished, and the world plunged into darkness. The apocalypse had begun.

"Pi day was going to be a little different that year..."



EARTH CLOSEOUT SALE!

The Grand Canyon now

50% OFF!



BOGO

Eiffel Tower
+ Taj Mahal!

BIG CRAIG'S Monument Emporium

Located in the
crumbling remains
of 420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor, MI
48109

"Open" Monday
through
Saturday

9:00 AM - 6:00 PM

Bring this coupon in for one free
block of
STONEHENGE*!



*With qualifying purchase, while supplies last, restrictions
apply, see back for details.

By Charlie Splete

WASTELAND FORAGING GUIDE

Written by Adam Krugel
Illustrated by Megan Okubo

CIGARETTES

These often come packaged and on shelf like many foods, and are also plant-based, but do not consume! They taste nasty; like leaves covered in spider nests. No matter how hungry you may be, cigarettes are not a viable food option.

TWINKIE

Twinkies come packaged in plastic and paper, like cigarettes, but these are edible. Found in similar niches to cigarettes, twinkies are delicious and sent from beyond to save us in these trying times.

2 PINECONES, 1 GRENADE

Pinecones come from trees and are often found on the forest floor, and are a great tool to throw at enemies; however, despite being plant based, they are inedible. When looking for pinecones one must exercise caution, as there also exists an explosive variant. The origin of these lethal seeds of death remains a mystery, but here's what you need to know: explosive pinecones are heavier and should be handled with caution. Do not try to harvest its fronds because that's how they become triggered and defend themselves.

SAUCE PACKETS: MUSTARD, KETCHUP, RELISH, TACO BELL SAUCE

Human overproduction led to a surplus of plastic encased condiment packages. Commonly foraged from "grease mounds", which I have personally identified to be the remains of low-cost slop kitchens, these pouches are great for a burst of refined energy nutrients.

LOTION AND SOAP

DO NOT CONSUME THE LIQUIDS IN BOTTLES LABELED "CLEANER" "SOAP" and "LOTION"*

Soaps and lotions were historically used for cleanliness (for whatever dumb reason), and they happen to come in a variety of appetizing colors and scents; but beware, they all taste awful and many are toxic.

HUMAN MEAT COOKING GUIDE

When looking for a particularly cannibalistic meal, expeditions and experiments have determined that human males are best for consumption. Ancient social practices drove men to anass muscle at competitive extents, so their meat is leaner and healthier for human consumption. Many of the legs remain fatty though, as they were often overlooked by ancient human men.

VEGGIES & VODKA

If you harvest or forage wild flora, it's best to clean it before you consume it. You can use ancient human spirits to wash your edible plants, something clear, like vodka, is best, over 40%. If you can't find anything that hard, beer roasted carrots are delicious, just make sure to clean and wash them before you roast. Celery is best paired with chromatic spirits like absinthe or curacao, unique absorption properties allow for vibrant cuisine.

* unless you have a death wish, of course





PUBLIC PLAYLIST



Apocalypse Wrapped

Staff picks to endure the end of the world.



GARG • 69 songs, 4hr 20min



TITLE

ARTIST

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------------------|
| 1 | Rain on Me | Lady Gaga, Ariana Grande |
| 2 | Only the Good Die Young (Glee Cast Version) | Glee Cast |
| 3 | Blue Christmas | Elvis Presley |
| 4 | Sussidio | Phil Collins |
| 5 | One Week | Barenaked Ladies |
| 6 | Wheels on the Bus | CoComelon |
| 7 | Super Bass | Nicki Minaj |
| 8 | Frankenstein | Rina Sawayama |
| 9 | One Dance | Drake, Wizkid, Kyla |
| 10 | Imagine | John Lennon |
| 11 | Revenge | captainsparklez, tryhavy |
| 12 | I'm Good (Blue) | David Guetta, Bebe Rexha |
| 13 | The Sound of Silence | Disturbed |
| 14 | Summer Breeze | Ship |
| 15 | We Built This City | Sorn |
| 16 | Twist | Weezer |
| 17 | Buddy Holly | Pentatonix |
| 18 | Hallelujah | Elton John |
| 19 | I Think I'm Going to Kill Myself | Limp Bizkit |
| 20 | Faith | |



Illustrated by Annika Smits

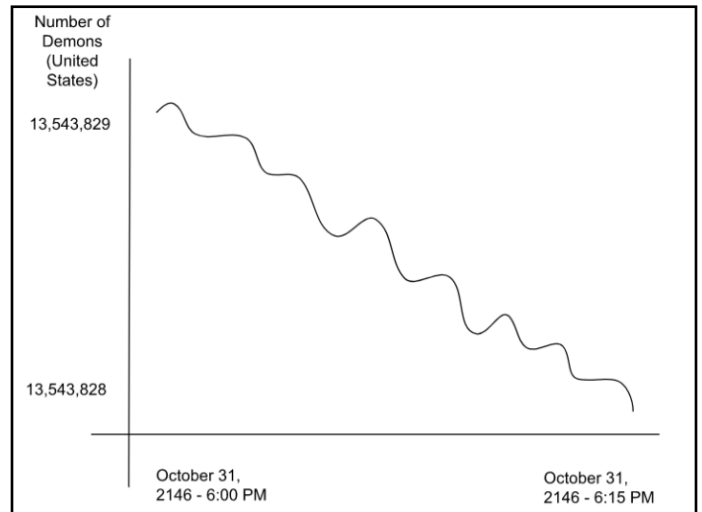
DECREASE IN DOMESTIC DEMON SIGHTINGS: *Epic Fail For Liberals' Apocalyptic Rhetoric*

By Trey Norbey

In what has to be one of the stupidest scare campaigns of 2146, the liberal media has actually started convincing people that we're currently in the middle of some sort of apocalypse! Just last weekend, former president Joe Biden, who recently celebrated the 120th anniversary of his consciousness being uploaded into a giant hologram of himself overlooking the nation's capital, claimed the EPA should "look into" the causes of several portals to the underworld spontaneously opening up near major cities across the country. Leave it to the Democrats to be afraid of having to fire a couple warning shots whenever the local pack of hellhounds spends the entire night stalking your family's fallout shelter, I guess.

If you're still not convinced the whole "apocalypse" talking point is made up by the Dems to scare you into making sure congress doesn't flip after the midterms, our independent journalists found that the number of demons on our side of the gates to hell is actually going down!

That's right, mainstream news! Didn't think we'd find out about this, did you?



iPad Kids

By Adam Krugel

Are you a kid who was parked in front of a screen for eight hours a day instead of being given attention by your parents?

JOIN US!
AGES 5-10
(NO PISSBABIES, NO PRETEENS)
COME DROOL AND REJOICE IN THE GRACE OF THE WORLD'S LAST iPad

Stim in the neverending stream of children's YouTube content on the screen

Revel in the words of our prophet, rev. Kyler Spiderman McDonald's Skywalker.

Apocalypse Folk Song

A little ditty to sing to drown out the screams!

By Xander Valascho

G G7 C G
apocalypse, how unpleasant
D
the skies were once so clear
G G7 C G
my home is gone, debris at present
Em D G
at least i'm not a cashier (anymore)

G G7 C G
'twas the end of days that my heart did fear
D
those days with no reprieve
G G7 C G
how precious do these days appear
Em D G
if only i make-believe

G G7 C G
the horrors, plagues, and eternal fire
D
are all just silly games
G G7 C G
the creatures lurking in the mire
Em D G
are friends, or maybe dames

G G7 C G
we've been here for bajillions of years
D
i think, but all the books burned
G G7 C G
sorry i didn't pass biology
Em D G
anyway i'm sure normal life will return

G G7 C G
apocalypse, how unpleasant
D
the skies were once so clear
G G7 C G
my home is gone, debris at present
Em D G
at least i'm not a cashier (anymore)





By Pingyu Hsu

NeW dIsCoVeRy ShEdS lIgHt On MyStErY sPeCiEs

By Anna Stansfield

Just as dawn broke on October 45th, 3078, archeologist Burnt Bees made an astounding discovery. Bees' team has spent the last three years excavating a domestic dwelling from around the year 2020, hoping for a find which would finally shed light on the mysterious species researchers have informally dubbed **The Homos**.

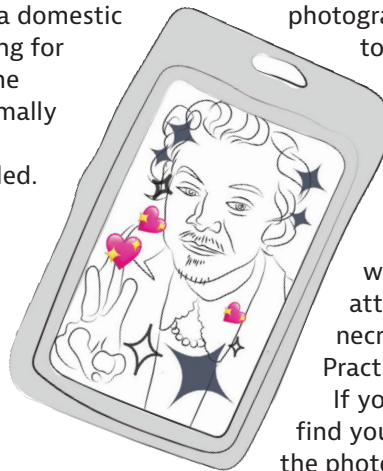
At long last, their work has been rewarded. The dig culminated in the ewxcavation of what appears to be a piece of *decorative resin*. The piece is clear, with pink and red flowers circling a photograph of a caucasian male. The back is inscribed with the words "Harry Styles," along with a strange symbol: an open triangle joined with a numeric three. For reference, it appears as so: "<3".

The male's teeth are bared, his lips curving upwards

towards his eyes. This rather threatening expression has led researchers to speculate that it may have been a photograph of a man who lived in the home, left to intimidate potential intruders. It may also be a form of religious iconography, or a part of some sort of ritual; celebrated anthropologist Baja Blast told *Gargoyle* that he suspects the writing on the back is an incantation.

The photograph is circling widely, with *Homo* enthusiasts around the globe attempting amateur summoning and necromancy rituals using the phrase *Harry Styles*. Practitioners differ on the pronunciation of "<3".

If you attempt any variation of this ritual, and find yourself able to speak with or raise the man in the photo from the dead, please contact your nearest emergency medium. **He may not be friendly.**



Garg Quiz

WHAT
IS
YOUR

APOLYPTIC ARCHETYPE?

#1 WEAPON OF CHOICE

- A: Poison apple
- B: Ineffective peace talks
- C: Plastic sword from my sexy pirate halloween costume
- D: Bedazzled AK-47

#2 WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL LAST MEAL?

- A: Sweetgreen—but I'm ordering under a fake name. No one can know I actually fw it.
- B: Monster Energy with some Velveeta mac
- C: Chicken and Broccoli and an ice cold Natty light
- D: Iced lavender latte with oat milk from UMMA café

#3 WHERE ARE YOU RAIDING?

- A: Pitaya—pocketing some slutty camo
- B: Kerrytown—grabbing up all the locally sourced soy candles for when the power goes out
- C: The Vitamin Shoppe—shoveling Whey Protein into my Wrangler
- D: Arcadian Antiques for the post-apocalyptic ballroom looks

#4 WHERE DO YOU FLEE ON FINAL DAY!?

- A: Thayer St Parking structure for the view- final VSCO post just HAS to be good
- B: The Madras Masala gravesite to pay your last respects
- C: Milf Manor... hope to see ur mom there ;)
- D: Jennifer Coolidge's warm embrace

#5 HOT ZOMBIE RUNNING TOWARD U! WYD?!

- A: Use the person who took the last EQ chicken tendy as a human barricade
- B: Let out a startled burp/fart just like Wendy Williams taught me (look it up)
- C: Strip naked and accept your fate—get down and dirty with those deliciously decomposing zomb feet
- D: Murder the shit out of them! Then hit a death drop to celebrate

#6 WHO DO YOU HUNT DOWN IN THE NAME OF VENGEANCE?

- A: Scorpios— they're too damn controlling
- B: Whoever tf invented Ugg slides
- C: Soy boys on letterboxd—Why the hell didn't they give Top Gun: Maverick 5 stars?
- D: J.K. R* 'ling

Mostly A's Lavish LEACH

- Would sacrifice you for a Lush Ice Breeze
- Owns a Canada Goose
- Probably a Gemini
- Instagram story Curology micro-influencer #ad
- Always wins 5 stars doing Hot n Cold on Just Dance



Mostly B's

WILLY WATHTHOG

- Had a Wicca phase
- Knows which berries are poisonous
- Willingly shares their (double-sided) Orgo study guide the night before
- Gives unsolicited drunk comments to strangers
- Scolds their friends for using Chrome as their default browse



mostly C's (HAIRLESS) WOMBO

- Regularly runs out of swipes on Tinder
- Completely waxed from head to toe
- Is secretly a Disney Adult
- Shockingly good at crocheting
- Does Crossfit because the IM just doesn't cut it



TACTICAL T*NK

Mostly D's

- Inexplicably awful at twerking
- Obsessively uses Canvas' "Calculate Grade" function
- Survival instincts fueled by religious trauma
- Orders the White Chocolate Raspberry Scone from M-36



By Claude VanValkenburg & Andy Carriero

WHAT IS A POCALYPSE AND HOW YOU CAN HELP (YOURSELF)

A Beginner's Guide to Caring for Your Ego in its Time of Need

By Sarrah Ahmed

The impending doom of the human race has been hard on all of us, but especially you. Here are a few simple steps to help change the narrative; i.e, make it about yourself.

STEP ONE Embrace Emotion

Experience every emotion—starvation, plague, zombie invasion, etc.—stronger, and, most importantly, LOUDER than anyone else. Every time someone complains about their situation they are minimizing your struggles; make sure to interrupt and reiterate why your life is the worst life to live. Be as public as you can with these displays and don't be afraid to exaggerate, it's for the greater good. Well, it's for your greater good, at least.

STEP TWO Pray

God is pretty busy these days (if not taking an indefinite leave of absence), so don't waste your celestial wishes on some wishy-washy bullshit like the salvation of the human race; get straight to the point and ask for what you really want: like a Dyson Air Wrap, or the Fushigi Ball your mom never let you buy in 2010.

STEP THREE Be Philanthropic

At times like this, it's important to think about the less fortunate, as exhausting as that can be. So, donate what you can, and remember nothing nourishes the ego quite like a good deed that you can make very public on the internet and hold over everyone's heads.

STEP FOUR Set Boundaries

There are people who will tell you that stockpiling enough food to sustain a family of four for several years is "reprehensible", and the fact that you're finally committing to bulking is "tone deaf", but it's only because they're jealous that you're pursuing your goals in the face of hardship. Negative comments like these are red flags. Best to cut these people out of your life immediately.

STEP FIVE Be an Activist

It is crucial to stay politically engaged, even as society crumbles. Do your part by posting incessantly to ensure all 500 of your followers understand how much you know about the crisis at hand. After all, it was the late JFK who said reposting infographics is the most impactful form of social activism. But don't take saving the world so seriously—post a thirst trap every so often. JFK said that too.

Life Hacks for Surviving the Apocalypse!!!



By Scott Smith

Where Are They Now

By Mordecai Oliver and Isaac Coenca

Ever wonder what the cast of your favorite show or movie is up to nowadays? We're lucky because we get paid to find out for you.

Gwyneth Paltrow

Unfortunately, Goop's "This Bunker Smells Like My Vagina" stronghold in Boca Raton is not taking anymore survivors at this time. Still being led by Gwyneth and her loyal friends and followers, they have only enough Voss sparkling water and moisturizing sheet masks for their current capacity. Goop's research team is currently studying whether or not radioactive lagoon water could have anti-aging properties.



Timothee Chalamet



Timothee Chalamet and Lily Rose Depp were spotted looking for survivors off the remains of Ocean Drive. We do not recommend you go searching for him, as he was revealed to be a flesh-eating reptile. He maintains his influence, however, as thousands of young lizard-persons have continued to idolize him throughout his lucrative modeling career.

Ice Spice

Ice Spice slayed her way through the end of the world, currently leading the Munch Coalition, the strongest rebel group against the Haters. She rose to power towards the end of 2025, using her limitless talent to create an absolute banger, inspiring others to fight against the bloggers doubting her power and skill behind the mic. She currently resides in Miami, continuing to gaslight, gatekeep, and girlboss.



Tucker Carlson



Tucker Carlson was last seen sitting outside of a 7/11 in Tampa. His career was abruptly ended when Fox News HQ was crushed by a giant lizard after television appearances where he repeatedly stated the apocalypse wasn't real. Well, jokes on you, Tucker. Good luck finding more braindead middle-class families to gaslight! Enjoy your burlap sack and cheap, unsexy M&Ms.

Choose Your Own Apocalypse

By Sabrina Barnes and Mordecai Oliver

Dear valued customers citizens,

We are so super duper sorry that we tried resurrecting Ronald Reagan with a silly goofy little laser and plunged the world into a permanent radioactive winter. Although we already terraformed Mars without you and escaped, (we offered those tickets at a very fair market rate so don't complain), we have generously decided to provide you with this quick guide to help you all survive long enough to see our sick space holograms (paid for with your 401(k)s).

With liberty and justice for all,
Your brother in Christ, Joe.

1. You're dehydrated, delusional; dried up like a woman who realized she was gay ten years into her marriage to a Patriots fan named Ted. But EUREKA! You find a sizzling pool of water!

DO YOU:

- Frolic in it like a goose as a gift to your inner child.
- Attempt to purify it using the doomsday kit you have with you at all times because you totally weren't weird in high school.

2. You're foraging for food in a disintegrated forest. You stumble upon a pile of dried leaves.

DO YOU:

- Grind up, roll up, light up, turn up.
- Forget the leaves, you're clawing into the soil looking for any remaining radioactive worms. You plan to slurp them up like spaghetti and harness their power.

3. You're startled by a wild, mutated chicken.

DO YOU:

- Adopt it, treat it like Tom Hanks' volleyball in CastAway (2000), and use it as a sounding board for your conspiracy theories and mixtape.
- Radicalize it. Train it into a blood-thirsty weapon. Ensure it is your greatest ally in the revolution.

4. You've managed to break into an abandoned (for now...) bunker filled with weapons.

DO YOU:

- Choose a box marked "Not a Flamethrower"; because if you can figure that out you'll look so damn cool for all your former internet friends.
- Take nothing. Rather, use the present materials to rig the bunker with explosives...just for funsies.

If you chose mostly As: You'd die instantly. It would be an avoidable, embarrassing death. Probably something unexpected like getting mauled by a stealthy racoon or drinking radioactive water.
If you chose mostly Bs: Congratulations! We suppose you'll survive for a while but we're not rooting for you. You seem like you'd be weird at parties and if you were here on the spaceship we'd probably eject you into the void.
If you split As & Bs: You're our favorite. You indecisive, identity crisis having little menace. You're basically a broken Sim and you'll definitely perish spectacularly, but we love your enthusiasm in the meantime.

Your Fate:



WANTED

Bad Bobby

KNOWN ALIASES:

Scary Sylvester
Frightful Fred

By Luke Homans

Diary of a Beefy Warlord

By Lars Martin

10-30-2146

Dear diary,
Today Clark stepped on my favorite pair of spikey boots and got one of the spikes scuffed. I didn't mean to, but I got a little bit angry. I know my therapist has told me I need to work on anger management, but he doesn't understand how cool my spikey boots are. Anyway, I had to string Clark up outside of the fort as a demonstration. If you touch the spikey boots, you get spikey-wire threaded up your asshole.

11-4-2146

Dear diary,
There were some territorial disputes with the Clashers yesterday. They wanted the Taco Bell, but we had already peed on it, so it was rightfully ours. Lots of gunfire later and we came out victorious, but Dennis got a bullet in

his arm and Jamie lost a leg. I got a boo-boo on my knee when I slipped in our piss puddles. It still hurts. Don't tell Jamie though, he doesn't think my pain matters. He's just a big baby. I'll probably have to put him down anyway, can't have cripples lying around. What do I look like, a charity?

11-10-2146

Dear diary,
Peggy looked at me today! I'm so excited! I've been sending her scalps as gifts, but she either hasn't noticed or isn't interested in me. Today I was berating Tony for messing with the compound walls and she walked by. She looked right into my eyes. Oh man, my heart is racing. Think about it, we could go on so many fun dates. Visit the slime pool, watch the warring tribes fight over the last food supply drop, or...or get this, we could go hunting for a Wastecats and make dinner! It would be so romantic. Anyway, I guess it's time to go peg her husband, so I've got to go.

Love you, diary.
Beef Boy

**ONLY YOU CAN BRING UPON
THE GARGPOCALYPSE!**



IN THE GARG WE TRUST!